

## THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

"Now, I'm of a notion in my head dat when you come to die, an' stan' de 'namination in de Cote House in de sky, You'll be astonished at de questions de angels' gwine to ask."

When he gets you an' de witness stan' an' gin you to de fact; Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night, an' de watermill question's gwine to bodder you a sight!

Den your eyes'll open wider den dey ebbor doin' befo', When he chais you 'bout a chicken, scrape dat happened long ago!

De angels on de picket line er long de Milky Way Keeps a watchin' what you're dribbin' at an' hearin' what you say.

No matter what you want to do, no matter what your eyes gwine, De angels might ap' to find it out an' pass it long de line.

An' of a s'd de mectin', when you make a fuss an' laugh, Why, dey send de news a-kinin' by de golden tele-graph.

Den de angel in de ordis, what's a settin' by de gate, Jee' reads de message wid a look, an' says it on de state!

Den you better do your duty well, an' keep your conscience clear, An' keep a lookin' straight ahead, an' watchin' what you steer;

'Cause arter a while de time'll come to journey from de lan', An' dey'll take you way up in de s'r'an' put you on de stan'.

Den you'll hab to listen to de clark's 'an' answer de angels' mighty straight, If you ebbor 'speak' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate! —The Century.

## FLEEING FROM A FORTUNE.

The sun rose propitiously bright on Grace Sylvester's wedding morn; the air was balmy, the sky blue, and all nature seemed in sympathy with the happy day.

Presently a stir awoke in the household, that soon swelled into a murmur of consternation. The bride was missing. Some one had gone to her chamber to awaken her and found it empty. Immediately a search was instituted, which proved fruitless. The bridegroom was sent for, but he could offer no explanation; like the parents, he was distracted with anxiety.

Grace Sylvester was a proud, impulsive girl, with a warm heart and impetuous temper. She was an only child, and somewhat spoiled, as was natural; but nothing that could be imagined or adduced could account for this unheard-of freak; she had not even fastened a note on the toilet-cushion, as a key to the mystery, after the custom of heroines.

For a week previous to this now unlucky day, the Sylvester mansion had continuously opened its hospitable portals to arriving guests. Friends and relations of Mr. Frank Howard, the expectant bridegroom, crowded to do honor to the occasion, which the Sylvester connection were not less eager to embellish with their presence.

This singular occurrence, therefore, could not possibly be preserved a secret, and the chagrined and distracted host and hostess had all the added misery of knowing that their daughter's inexplicable flight was the subject of all sorts of surmises and discussions by those who in set phrase endeavored to console with them, and at the same time hint at insanity as the only solution of such an unprecedented freak.

But a special gleam was soon destined to illumine the darkness. Grace had not been unmindful of her dear parents, nor her devoted lover. A letter addressed to the former had been dropped by her in the postoffice. It was brief, and evidently written under the pressure of excitement; but, even in its fragmentary haste, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester could trace their daughter's tenderness; and her lover, despite the undisputed mystery of its tone, took consolation from it.

Its contents may be rendered thus: She had left of her own free will and unaccompanied, though she admitted that she would be met at her journey's end by a worthy guardian, in whose care she would remain, and who, at the expiration of a week, would bring her home again; until then, she begged they would wait for her explanation, and above all forgive any pain or annoyance her hasty disappearance had caused.

This epistle, though gratefully received, since it assured them of her safety, was not, of course, entirely satisfactory to her parents and lover.

Despite her promise to return, they could not remain quiet till the expiration of the time named, but sought her in every conceivable place; but, as was evident from the security of her retreat, Grace did not mean to be found till after the interval she had named.

One by one, or in small parties, as they had doubt, the wedding guests departed. They carried to their own houses a charmingly inexhaustible theme for gossip and wonderment. Every one held a separate solution and theory, and the subject promised to be one of unusual variety and entertainment.

But only one of them possessed any clew to the truth—and she, shy, insidious plotter that she was, had laid a train whose success promised even beyond her hopes. She watched its development in silence. It was not her cue to speak but to wait the fulfillment of her design, and so she lingered, professing the intensest sympathy for all, and at the same time contriving to bestow the most of it on Frank Howard, her distant cousin.

This young lady, May Prescott by

name, had long been hopelessly in love with her Cousin Frank. She knew that his heart was devoted to another, but had never had an opportunity of seeing her rival till the generous and unsuspecting Grace, wishing to give both her and Frank pleasure, had asked her by letter to be one of her bridesmaids.

May's darling object was then gained. She had unlimited faith in her own power of creating discord, and had secretly resolved to separate the lovers and win Frank for herself, even at the eleventh hour.

Her first interview with Grace convinced her that ardent and impulsive generosity was the strong point of her character. On this she acted.

"How oddly the gifts of fate are distributed!" said she, with a sigh, as they were talking together the night before the wedding. "One would think it was enough to get a beautiful wife, without grasping at a great fortune, too; but then Frank always had a keen eye for the main chance."

Grace's face flushed a deep, indignant crimson; her full, bright eyes flashed with sudden anger as she looked at May Prescott steadily.

"Pray explain yourself, Miss Prescott," she said. "I do not understand you in the least."

"What! have you never heard of the will of Frank's eccentric old Uncle Paul? But I am sorry; perhaps I have done wrong in mentioning it. No doubt he meant to deceive you—no, no! I don't mean that—I mean perhaps he did not wish you to know."

She affected to be overcome with confusion at her own inadvertence, and pretended to regret having said so much. Grace quietly but firmly demanded to know all.

"You have said too much to recede!" she exclaimed. "Tell me all there is to tell."

This was just the opportunity May desired. She arose to see that the door was closed; then, satisfied that she and Grace were alone together, she poured into her victim's ear the story whose result was Grace's flight from home.

The week passed anxiously enough to the three people who were awaiting the wayward bride's return. The appointed day came, and early in the morning a carriage stopped before the Sylvester mansion, and Grace alighted from it, followed by an old nurse, of whom she had always been fond, and whose presence explained the fact that Grace had been staying in her home, not five miles away.

Grace walked into the house with an air of mingled triumph and deprecation. After the strange greetings were over Mr. Sylvester, with attempted sternness, demanded the promised explanation, and this was the story:

"The night before my wedding day I learned, from some one who thought I already knew it, that Frank was about to inherit \$100,000 upon a strange condition. His uncle had died and left that amount to him, provided he married me within a year after the testator's death."

"I had never seen this uncle, but, as I learned from my informant, he had met me by chance in one of the New York hospitals, and, after taking the trouble to inquire my name, and no doubt satisfying himself of the suitability of the connection, he made up his eccentric mind that Frank should marry me or lose a large fortune in the event of disobeying his command."

"Now, though I am deeply obliged for the distinguished honor meant me by the deceased, I positively decline to be bartered away to any one at a stated price."

"It was sufficiently embarrassing to me to know that the old gentleman was attracted by a whim of mine, and mistook it for characteristic virtue. The fact is, during that winter—my first in New York—I was seized with a fancy to vary my round of pleasures by an afternoon among the sick, to whom I carried the ever-welcome gift of fruits, and it was while I was distributing these offerings that the matrimonial project occurred to Frank's uncle."

"Do you not understand, and can you not sympathize with me? Had I remained here, no explanation could have altered the case, and I should inevitably have become Frank's bride, under conditions alike painful to my love of truth and self-respect. I have always declared I would be loved for myself alone, not for qualities I did not possess, nor the money of a whimsical old gentleman."

She drew a long breath as she finished her recital, and held out her hand with her own winning frankness.

"The last week of the year expired yesterday," she said, with an unmistakable sparkle of triumph in her handsome eyes. "If you take me now, Frank, it must be all for love. There's no longer any money in the question."

"With all my heart!" cried the indulgent lover. "Since you have come back to me of your own free will, and have no further objections to make to our union, I consider myself one of the happiest and most fortunate of bridegrooms."

He caught Grace's pretty, unreluctant hand in his and pressed it rapturously to his lips, with a smile quite as triumphant as her own, and a glance whose

intense and mischievous meaning was not explained until after the quiet wedding, at which May Prescott was the only guest, for Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester's prudence and worldly wisdom still condemned their impulsive daughter's escapade, though their partial tenderness forgave it.

"You have chosen poverty in preference to wealth," they said, "and so must be content to do without the grand wedding we had contemplated."

Grace submitted with the best humor possible; she had tested Frank's love and gained her own end, and all was bright before her inexperienced eyes.

After the wedding, Frank asked his bride:

"Are you quite satisfied with your choice of poverty, and glad that your marriage occurred to-day instead of a week ago?"

"I am perfectly delighted," Grace answered.

"Will you take a little wedding gift from me, as I have not yet presented you with one?" Frank asked, meekly.

"With pleasure," Grace answered, as she extended her hand, expecting to receive a jewel case.

But, instead of that, a ponderous legal document was produced, at which Grace gazed in blank surprise.

Then Frank explained that, despite Miss Prescott's kind interest in their affairs, the fortune was not lost, as she had made a slight mistake in dates; and his uncle's discernment in selecting so charming a wife for him had made him the happiest of men.

May Prescott's chagrin at the failure of her conspiracy, and the delight of Grace's parents at her good fortune can easily be imagined.

Grace bore her partial defeat with charming equanimity, as she was quite convinced, by some mental process of her own, that she had her husband's love. So she was reconciled to the possession of a fortune!

## NORTHERN CUSTOMS.

In Sweden and Norway graveyards are consecrated ground, and are not enlarged. The people of the same family are generally buried together, and there must be six feet of earth over the grave, a little mound marking the spot.

When the graveyard is full, the old graves are opened, and the bones are collected and placed in the bone-house—a building constructed for the purpose—which I have sometimes seen partly filled with these relics of humanity. The Swedish and Norwegian Lapps are all Lutherans. Easter is one of the great festivals of the church, and in that year was to take place on the 9th of April. All were dressed in their best clothes—the women in a gown of reindeer skin reaching much below the knees, with pantalettes and shoes of the same material.

The women wore queer little bonnets of bright colors, made of pieces of wool and silk. Some of the belts around the waist were ornamented with silver. They also wore large glass beads around the neck, and the fingers of many were ornamented with odd-shaped silver rings. Their great pride is to have two, three, or four large bright silk handkerchiefs about the neck, hanging down behind. The more they have, the more fashionable they are considered. The men are dressed very much in the same way, except that they wore square caps and shorter gowns. One of the characteristics of the Laplander is that they are not bashful, though they are not forward. I never met even a bashful child. So we all soon became good friends. The men and women smoked and snuffed a great deal.

## STEREOTYPED HUMOR.

It is a sad fact that American humorists, as a class, resemble precocious children. Let them do one thing at which the world laughs, and they will repeat the performance over again with a persistence and a mad hankering to please which makes justifiable homicide a relaxation as well as a duty. Stanley Huntley's "Spoondyke Papers" were good at first, but anybody could write them now. The humor is strictly machine work, but "Mr. Spoondyke" grinds away at his comparison mill with a fresh and breezy conviction that his un does not pall upon repetition. Mark Twain's jokes are the result of a plain, comical formula; given a man, a chair, a dark night and a tumble, and a grammar school boy could construct a witticism which Mr. Clemens would swear was his own. Bill Nye has his little receipt for humor just as George W. Peck has his, and Peck could write Eugene Field's, or Aleck Sweet write Josh Billings'. What we complain of is that there is no spontaneity about recent humorous writers. These amusing gentlemen would as soon think of tampering with the Lord's prayer as altering the form made or the expression of their wit. They seem to think that when they have a good thing they should stick to it. A patented style of humor may, as the country grows older, pass as an heirloom in certain families, and it would be no surprise to us, were we to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon five centuries hence, to discover a descendant of Stanley Huntley writing that all "Mrs. Spoondyke" needed to be Eve was to add a few years to her age. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## ROMAN COOKS AND GOURMANDS.

In Juvenal's time the salary of a good cook was ten times higher than that of a tutor, a man of learning and ability, who, according to Lucian, was deemed well paid with 200 sesterces a year. The salary of Dionysia, a danseuse, was 200,000. The house and establishments of the two players in pantomime, Bathylus and Pylades, rivaled those of the richest patricians. There were three Romans named Apicius, each celebrated for devotion to gastronomy. The second, who flourished under Tiberius, was the most famous, and enjoyed the credit of having shown both discrimination and industry in the gratification of his appetite; so much so that his name has passed into a synonym for an accomplished epicure. After spending about £800,000 on his palate he balanced his books, and, finding that he had not much more than £80,000 left, hanged himself to avoid living upon such a pittance. Lempriere's version is that he made a mistake in casting up his books, and hanged himself under a false impression of insolvency. A noted betting man named Smith made a similar mistake in casting up his book for the Derby, and flung himself into the sea. He was fished out, discovered the mistake and ever since went by the name of Neptune Smith. Apicius, unluckily, had no kind friend to cut him down. The outrageous absurdities of Elagabalus equaled or surpassed those of Caligula and Nero. He fed the officers of his palace with the brains of pheasants and thrushes, the eggs of partridges and the heads of parrots. Among the dishes served at his own table were peas mashed with grains of gold, beans fricasseed with morsels of amber, and rice mixed with pearls. His meals were frequently composed of twenty-two services. Turning roofs threw flowers with such profusion on the guests that they were nearly smothered. At the seaside he never ate fish, but when far inland he caused the roe of the rarest to be distributed among his suite. He was the first Roman who ever wore a complete dress of silk. His shoes glittered with rubies and emeralds, and his chariots were of gold, inlaid with precious stones. With the view to a becoming suicide, he had cords of purple silk, poisons inclosed in emeralds, and richly set daggers; but either his courage failed when the moment arrived for choosing between these elegant instruments of death or no time was left him for the choice. He was killed in an insurrection of the soldiery in the 18th year of his age, after a reign of nearly four years, during which the Roman people had endured the insane and degrading tyranny of a boy. —Quarterly Review.

ARKANSAS AND NORTH CAROLINA. The crowd gathered together on mill day at San Gabriel, Tex., were natives of many different States, and told jokes at the expense of Arkansans, "tar-heels" and others.

One North Carolinian got after a half dozen Arkansans hot and heavy. With other yarns he told the following:

An emigrant preacher went into the Boston mountain region on a prospecting tour. Coming to a four-acre corn patch, he fought his way through a dozen or more hounds and curs to a windowless cabin in its center, and entering he commenced a conversation with the lady of the house by inquiring into the state of society thereabout. The woman did not seem to understand his general inquiries, and so he began to particularize:

"What religion is most common about here?"

Still she did not seem to understand. "Are there many Presbyterians about here?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "My man John has hunted around here right smart for nigh on sixteen years, and I don't reckon he's killed any one."

"Ah, madam!" said the good man. "I am afraid that you live in darkness here."

"Yes," replied she, glancing at the unbroken log walls, "yes, but my John allows to cut out a window next week."

This was received with applause, and a true-blue Arkansan had the floor for reply.

"I was traveling once in the old North State," he began, "and as I was riding across an opening like I saw a man, some little distance ahead of me, pointing, as I thought, a long gun at something up in a persimmon tree. I reined in my horse to wait for him to fire. After waiting some time and no firing done, I noticed the man did not seem to be taking any sight, but appeared to be shifting his place from time to time, so I hailed him and inquired what he was up to."

"Raising pork for market," answered he without turning to me.

"I rode up, and that tar-heel had a little spotted shoat tied to a pole, holding it up to eat persimmons." —Chicago News.

A LECTURER once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with: "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on this lecturer!"

## ARCTIC DELICACIES.

The reindeer cannot be dismissed without mentioning his flesh as an article of diet. The tongue is a great delicacy, and there is probably no meat more dainty and succulent than that of one of these animals, not too old; but it has one peculiarity—in order to have it in perfection it must be eaten very soon after being killed; the sooner the better, for it deteriorates in flavor the longer it is kept. I have lately dined on fresh trout from a Siberian lake, young wild ducks as fat as squabs, and reindeer, any of which delicacies could not be had in the same perfection at Delmonico's, or any similar establishment in New York, for love or money. It must not be supposed that the seal, whale and walrus constitute the entire food supply of this part of the world. There is scarcely any better eating in the way of flesh than the coregonus—a new species discovered at Point Barrow by the Corwin—and certainly no more dainty game exists than the young wild geese and ptarmigan to be found in countless numbers in Hotham Inlet. At the latter vicinity, doubtless the warmest inside the straits, are found quantities of cranberries about the size of a pea, which make a valuable accessory to roasted goose. Large quantities of eggs are procurable, but in most cases they are doubtful. The Esquimaux, who have no scruples about eating them partly hatched, seem never to comprehend our fastidiousness in the matter, and why our tastes are so different from theirs in this respect. They will break an egg containing a young duck or goose, extract the bird by one leg and devour it with all the relish of an epicure. Gulls' eggs, however, are in disrepute among them, for the women—who, by the way, have the same frailties and weakness of their more civilized sisters—believing that eating gulls' eggs causes loss of beauty and brings on early decrepitude. The men, on the other hand, are fond of seal eyes, a tidbit which the women believe increases their love, and feed to their lords after the manner of "open your mouth and shut your eyes." Game as a rule is very tame, and during the moulting season, when the geese are unable to fly, it is quite possible to kill them with a stick. A ship's mess in the Arctic, with a good cook, might be made quite endurable with the resources at hand were it not for that greatest of deprivations, the absence of milk and fresh vegetables. —Arctic Letter.

## BOSTON BAKED BEANS.

Everybody, says the *Western Rural*, has heard of Boston's brown bread and baked beans, and many of our readers know what they are from pleasant experience. Boston, and in fact New England, are about as well known for their baked beans as they are for their "culchaw." In Boston it is the universal habit to have baked beans for Sunday-morning breakfast. The lowest and highest gather about the baked beans of a Sunday morning, and feast upon about the cheapest article of diet there is in the market. During the week the tables of the rich groan beneath the costliest of dishes, and the tables of the poor are scantily spread with the cheapest that the markets afford. But on Sunday they all eat of the same dish, and thousands of them from the same oven. It is a matter of curiosity to see the bean-pot going to the bakery on Saturday night. The servants, where servants are employed, and the good housewife whose husband cannot afford the luxury of a servant-girl, prepare the pot on Saturday. The beans are parboiled until the skin cracks; they are then placed in the celebrated Boston bean-pot, which is earthen and much smaller at the top than at the bottom. Salt is added to suit the taste, and sometimes a spoonful of molasses. A piece of salt pork, about as large as the first three fingers, is sliced through the rind at the distance of an eighth of an inch, and placed upon the top of the beans, or rather imbedded in them until the surface is even. Then the pot is taken to the bakery, a check received, and, upon presentation of the check in the morning, the Sunday breakfast is returned ready for the table. The streets are full of bean pots and their bearers. They go to the cottage, to Beacon hill, and to North street. The bean is the great leveler in Boston society. On the farms of New England the plan of baking is to make a roasting fire in an old fire-place, and when the wood has been consumed, the pot of beans is buried in the coals and ashes, where it remains until Sunday morning—and these are the best baked beans ever eaten.

## PROFITS ON WHISKY.

There are fifty-seven drinks of whisky to the gallon, at 10 cents a drink, \$5.70. Whisky sold at 10 cents never costs over \$2 to \$2.80 per gallon. Often the same article is sold at 15 cents per drink, bringing \$8.55 per gallon. In the majority of saloons the 10-cent whisky is manufactured from French spirits or raw alcohol, and costs when "smooth" and ready for customers \$1.25 to \$2.75 per gallon. Good honest whisky, costing \$3 to \$3.75 per gallon by the barrel, is sold at 15 to 20 cents per drink or \$8.50 to \$11.40 per gallon.

## PLEASANTRIES.

COMPANY front—A false shirt-bosom. A FOOL and an accordion are both easily drawn out.

A SUCCESSFUL debater—The hornet always carries his point.

SOME men are like the moon. They get full once in about so often.

THE telephone has developed an entirely new school for hello-cution.

THE plumber, unlike the water-pipe on which he thrives, never busts up.

A VASSAR College girl, upon being asked if she liked codfish balls said she never attended any.

A MAILED knight must have required a good many postage-stamps to carry him through successfully.

If a man knew as much about himself as he does about his neighbors he would never speak to himself.

"GENEROUS to a fault" may be said of many men. At least, they are generous enough to their own faults.

BECAUSE he was mashed to the last, and Farragut was lashed to the mast. We have forgotten the conundrum.

A NEW YORK man sold his wife to a neighbor for a dollar. Some men seem to take delight in swindling their neighbors.

A REPOINTER, in describing a railway disaster, says: "This unlooked-for accident came upon the community unawares."

HENS scratch up flower-beds only when they are barefooted. That's why women run out and "shoo" the hens to keep them from doing damage.

WHEN a child cannot answer a question he never says, "Oh, don't bother me now, I'm busy." Only children of a larger growth deal in such subtleties.

"You are weak," said a woman to her son, who was remonstrating against her marrying again. "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am so weak that I can't go a stepfather."

"THERE!" triumphantly exclaimed a Deadwood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand, "I knew that new 'Personal' column would be a success."

"THE bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said Farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterward and said there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red-hot too.

At an all-night restaurant a gentleman, who is much fatigued, falls against another guest and upsets a water-decanter over him. "Scush me!" said the party of the first part, in a voice husky with emotion, but fac' ish I'm lill abashed—"The fact, sir," replies the other with severity, "is that you weren't absent enough!" —From the French.

AN American, who started to ride from Colima to Manzanillo was stopped on the highway by a well-armed bandit. "Pardon, senor," exclaimed the latter, "but I perceive that you have my coat on. Will you have the kindness to remove it?" The American produced a six-shooter, and, cocking it, said: "Senor, I am of the opinion that you are mistaken about that coat." "On closer observation, I perceive that I am," the bandit answered, and disappeared in the wood.

AN, well! I'll put the trees away in this old cemetery; Last time we met your hair was gray, And now—we meet no more. Above your grave the grasses mingle, And I am forty, fat and single.

MOUSEFUL effect of slang: Mrs. Lovesapple bought a new dress. It was pout de soie of a delicate grass-green. To match the dress she had a pair of boots. They were also pout de soie of a delicate grass-green. Inspired with the idea of pleasing her husband, she daintily lifted the hem of her garment, and displayed a foot worthy of Ginevra. "What do you think of that, dear?" she tenderly asked her liege lord. "Immense!" innocently responded the partner of her life. —Manchester Times.

## VARIATIONS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

The human body is longer on rising in the morning than at any other time during the day. The reason is that the muscles are relaxed, and the pressure, incident to a sleeping posture, helps to spread them out. There is a considerable decrease in height from long standing. Our shop girls are thus stunted and partially deformed from being on their feet all day—a cruel and savage outrage. The squat forms of many foreigners come from being learned, while too young, to stand on chairs, and thus walk while the muscles are tender. The mothers do this that they may work in the fields or at home without hindrance. Prof. Martel, a foreign savant, tells how the French peasants escape conscription. They refrain from going to bed for two or three nights, walk much with bags of sand on their shoulders, and diminish their height so as to be under the regulation limit. The effect, of course, is bad for their health, but better that than be butchered.

THE great men of the earth are but the marking stones on the road of humanity; they are the priests of its religion.